

MARVEL
15th Sept 90

THE REAL

Nº118 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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MEET THE UNREAL GHOST BUSTERS!

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MEET THE UNREAL GHOST BUSTERS!



Welcome to issue one hundred and eighteen of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and what a group of ghastly monsters there is for you this week. Bet you wouldn't want to bump into this bunch on a dark night, and that's for sure! But it's The Real Ghostbusters that they are after in a terrifying tale entitled **The Frightful Four!**

The Ghostbusters take a trip to the home of spaghetti and pizza in order to confront some centurian spooks in **The Roaming Legion!** So at least Peter had plenty of his favourite food nearby.

Apart from the usual ectoplasmic features, there is the second horrific instalment of **The Lost and The Lonely!** So don't miss it!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor DEBORAH TATE
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



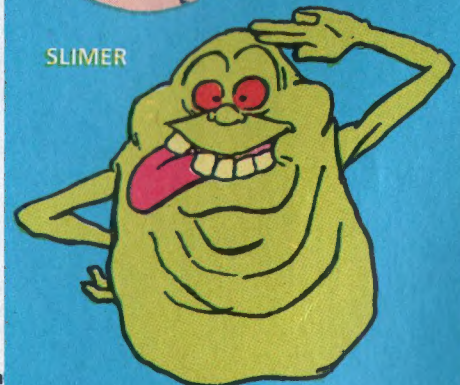
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

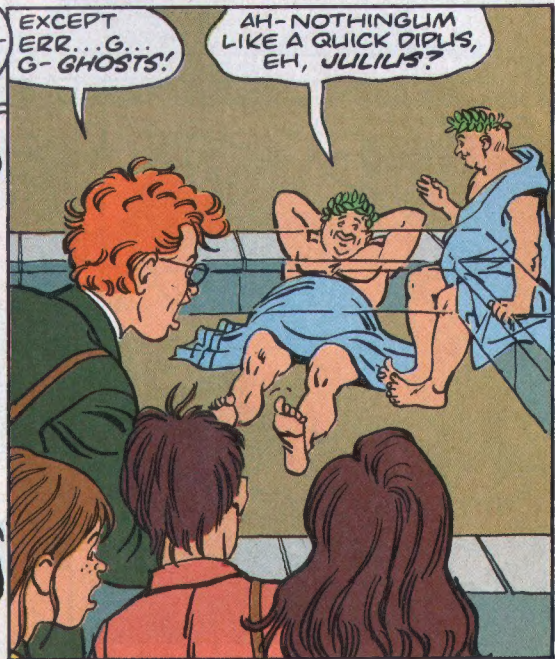
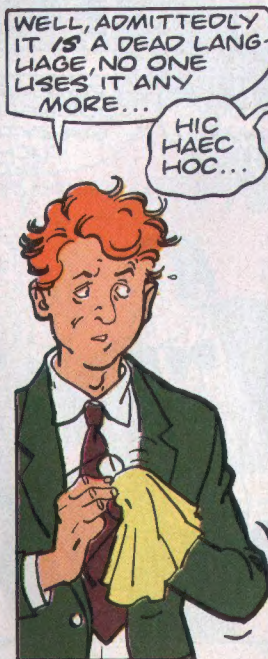
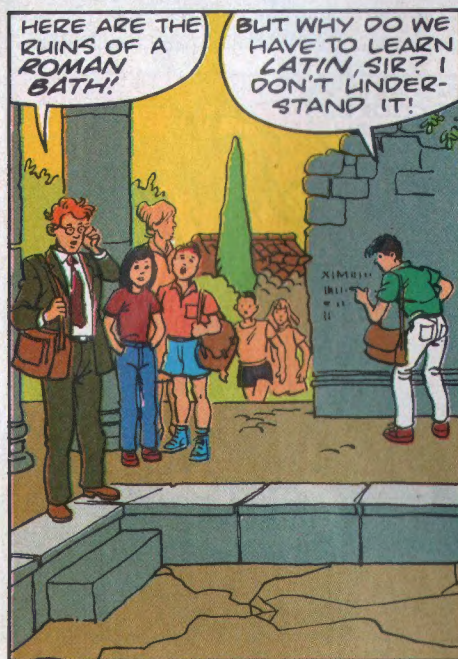
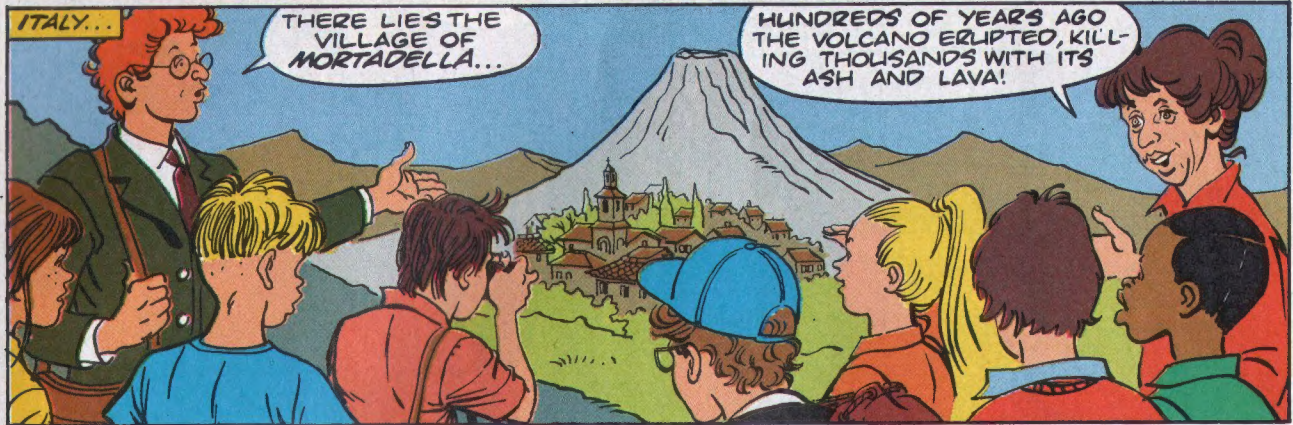


JANINE
MELNITZ

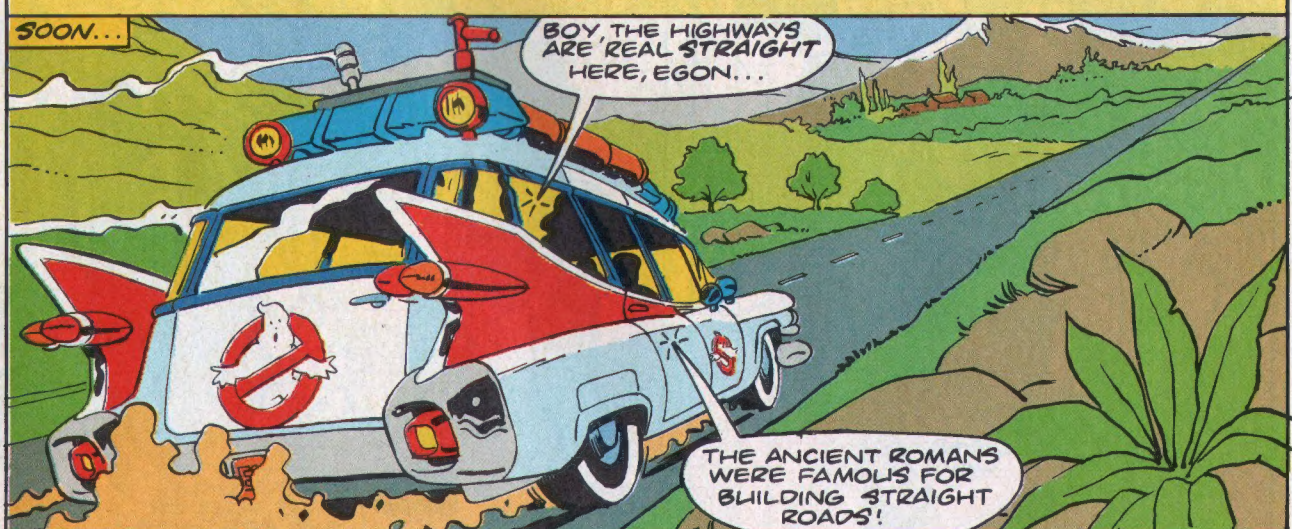


SLIMER

THE REAL STBUSTERS™



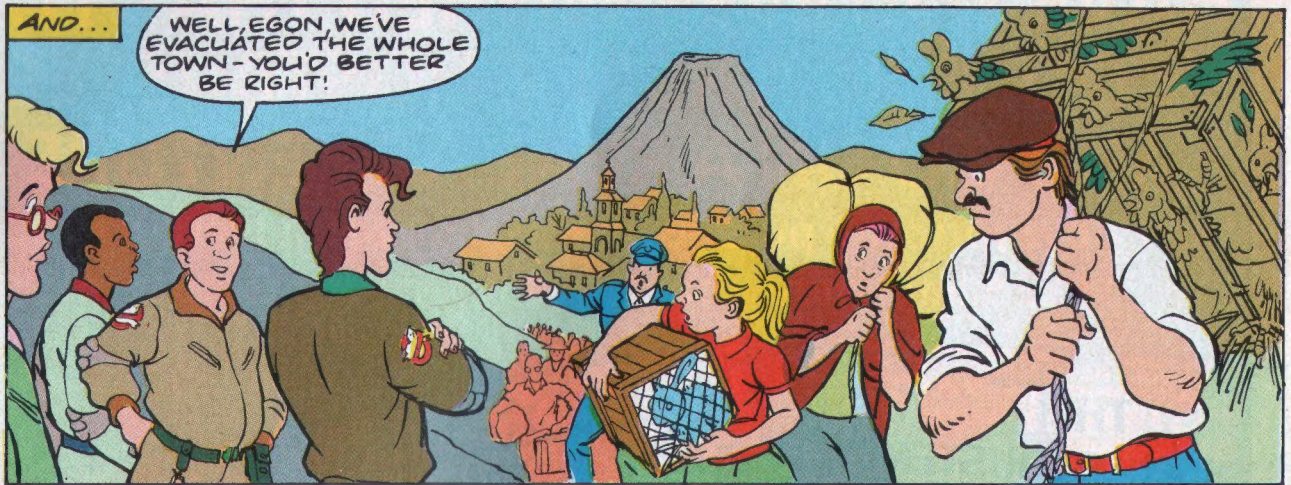
THE ROAMING LEGION!





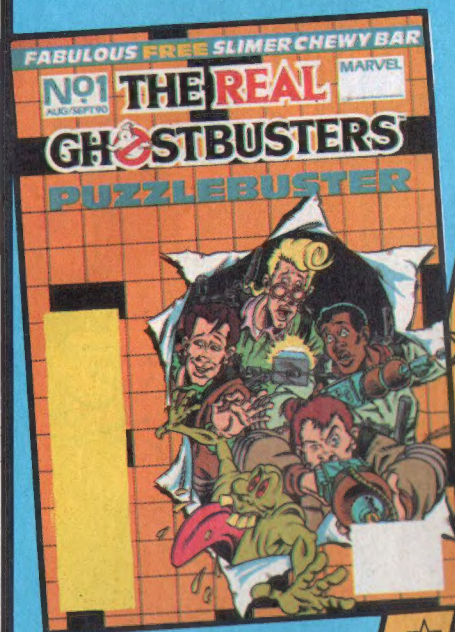






HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure **PLUS** a **FREE** Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	O	S	P	I	O
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE
SLIMER
CHEWY
BAR**

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Though Imperial Rome was one of the most important civilising forces in the Ancient World, it's amazing to realise how superstitious they were. Wenzel Prudhume of Connecticut wrote in asking for details of the Roman's relationship with the occult after reading Vondahuck's *Rome Wasn't Slimed In a Day*. Sure thing, Wenzel.

Platitude the Younger wrote widely on the subject in his *Ghostibus* of 56BC. In fact, in places his writing is as much as three inches wide, which may have had a lot to do with a dodgy quill. Pious Noxious Forceps, the celebrated road-builder whose highways stretched from Rome to Verbagium (Chipping Sodbury), was a keen amateur supernaturalist. He often employed the long-suffering legionaries of the Illustrious Eighth (who were under his command on road-building duty) to march about the countryside at night looking for ghosts. Eventually, the legionaries took to putting on sheets and prancing about Forcep's villa going 'Wooooo!' Ironically, this all lead to the terrible massacre of the Eighth Legion at Bronchia in 33BC, when all ten thousand men were brutally slimed out of existence by three Gibber-behemoths summoned by the witch doctor of



PART 118

the Bronchial Tribesmen. Apparently, when the sentries saw the Gibber-behemoths approaching at dusk, they called out things like 'Okay, Marcius, nice try. That should fool ol' Forceps...' and 'Oy, Gaius! Ave mate! That's some costume you've got there.' Pneumaticus, the Egyptian Scholar, expressed worry about the Roman Emperor Spatula when he visited the Capitol in 3AD. Writing in his diary (I translate loosely from the hieroglyphics) 'The Emperor shows a great fascination for the spirit world, and invited me to participate in the summoning of a demonic spirit as an evening's entertainment'. Pneumaticus goes on to explain his unease, writing of the Emperor's expressive and rather mad gesturing

(represented by two break-dancing sphinxes and a squashed scarab) and his manifest desire to alter the structure of reality (represented by a hawk, two sleep cats, a crocodile, an economy pack of bleach and the God Horus pushing a flymo). The Egyptian made sure he was on the next galley bound for Alexandria, which was lucky for him, as history relates clearly how the mad Spatula laid waste the whole areas of the Capitol when he was foolish enough to conjure up the phantom form of 'Ny'ubchastur and told him to smarten himself up. Avid, writing in 22BC, writes of the terrible attack made by Harpies (the half-bird, half-woman demons) on the Imperial Galley Majesticus. The galley, a hundred and fifty metre bireme with eight hundred slave oarsmen, was attacked on the coast of Sardinia by four Harpies. They threw the Roman overseers and troops off the boat and then went down below decks to confront the rows of terrified, undernourished rowers. "There's good news and there's bad news..." cackled the lead Harpy. "The good news is we're going to give you all an extra crust of bread each." The slaves cheered, then the Harpy continued. "The bad news is, we want to go water-skiing..."

FRIGHTFUL FOUR!



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS**

The Real Ghostbusters have busted thousands of ghosts since they began their work – but now the boot is on the other claw as a crack team of Ghostbuster busters goes to work!

It was a dark, hot night in Cornwall, England. To be more precise it was a dark, hot sweaty night, the sort that didn't help anyone sleep even with the windows open. Young Robert Jeffrey was just one of those people who couldn't sleep, and he sat up in bed, reading. Outside his house, the air was still. There were no night noises, not even crickets or the sound of a passing car, just dead silence. Suddenly, Robert felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up and he ran to the window as a terrible ripping, tearing noise cut through the darkness.

At first he couldn't see anything. Then, suddenly, a clawed hand appeared in mid-air and literally began to tear it apart, a strange green light blasting from somewhere else across the lawn of Robert's house. The boy jumped back from the window as a snuffling, unworldly snout (complete with nasty looking teeth) stuck its head out from the light. The head pushed, growling, then the split in the air was larger and a werewolf leapt through the gap, tongue lolling across a huge mouth, red eyes blazing. Robert sneaked another look through the window. "You idiot!" screamed a voice from the gap. "No way is this downtown Manhattan. It's far too – bleh! – pretty for that!" A creature, which looked very much like a vampire ought to stepped out onto Robert's lawn and slapped the werewolf, who howled miserably. "How can we catch **The Real Ghostbusters** from here?" the vampire added.

"Aark, boss," the werewolf whimpered, "I can't help it. Frank nudged me at the wrong moment."

"I did not!" snarled 'Frank', who popped his head through the dimensional hole, a tall creature that seemed to be made up of different parts of different bodies.

Bolts through its neck glinted as the moon suddenly broke from behind some clouds, exposing a fourth creature, a mummy, which Robert hadn't spotted before. The mummy didn't speak, but gestured towards the house. Its eyes glowed a horrible green. "What is it, Wilbur?" asked the vampire. The mummy pointed at Robert's window. The werewolf cackled. "Yeh, yeh, yeh!" it growled, raising its own odd-looking gun. "Action at last, Vigor!" "Don't be so stupid," replied Vigor the vampire. "It's only a little brat. We've got more important tings to do!"

"Der boss is right, Arnold" added Frank. "Save your energies for The Ghostbusters. That's what we're here for!"

The werewolf growled in reluctant agreement, and with another claw, tore through the air. A street scene appeared from nowhere. "That's Manhattan!" said Vigor. "Let's go!"

"WHADABOUTDEKID?" said the mummy. "GETHIM?"

"No – what can he do?" Vigor replied. "He's just a distraction."

Robert sighed with relief as the four ghosts strode through the gap in the air, which snapped shut behind them. He was glad they'd gone! Then he frowned. Just a distraction, was he? He'd show them!

It was not dark, hot or sweaty in New York when the ghostbuster-busting team snapped into existence outside The Real Ghostbusters HQ. In fact it was cold and wet, and rain lashed across the road. If the ghosts had had any real existence, they'd have been soaked. As a lightning bolt crashed across the sky, Arnold shivered anyway, shaking himself like a dog. "Let's get this over with," he snarled, priming his dimension gun. "I want to have some fun with these Ghostbusters!"

Inside the HQ, a telephone rang, then stopped. The four ghosts waited as a light came on inside then went out again, almost as quickly. "They're awake," said Vigor, his sharp teeth glinting as another lightning bolt crashed across the sky. "Good!"

From inside the building, there was a sudden spate of crashes and bangs, a couple of muffled shouts, then nothing. "Let's go," said Vigor, turning to mist and moving under the main doors of the building. "Far too subtle," snarled Arnold, who crashed through the wooden doors, howling at the top of his voice. Then he howled even more as he stepped on a skateboard and skidded across the parking bay into Janine's tidy desk. Ghostbusting reports flew everywhere as Arnold tried to pull himself up from the floor. Frank followed his friend and picked him up with one arm. "Stupid Arnold," he grinned. "Should leap before you look."

"That's look before you leap, you imbecile!" snarled Arnold, grabbing one of the reports. "Look! They've just busted Reginald Smallworthy III in Little Italy. What harm did he ever do anyone?"

"You mean, apart from ordering huge meals in expensive restaurants, eating them, then vanishing when the bill arrived?" said Vigor. "Nothing much." Suddenly, Vigor spun round and fired the strange gun he was carrying at a cupboard. The cupboard seemed to twist in space, shiver, then vanish with a wailing sound. "Straight to the Ghost Court," said Vigor.

"Now we know that the guns work, we can bust the Ghostbusters, too!"

"Yeh - they gotta be judged for dere crimes," added Frank. "But where are they?"

"Right here, ghosts!" shouted Peter from the first floor, letting fly with a Proton Beam. Vigor and Arnold leapt for safety as the beam blasted Janine's desk. "Janine's not going to like that, Peter," said Ray, warming up his own Proton Gun.

"Never mind that now," said Winston,

jumping onto the firepole, "let's get these ghosts!" As soon as he was on the ground, he fired at Wilbur, who groaned angrily, dodging the beam and fired back with his own Ghost Gun. A fire extinguisher seemed to shriek as it vanished elsewhere.

"How did you know we were here?" screamed Vigor, firing his own Ghost Gun at Egon, as he dived behind a set of filing cabinets.

"Easy enough," shouted Egon. "You made a significant error of judgement."

"What?!" squealed Arnold, as the werewolf leapt onto the top of ECTO-1, dodging another Proton blast from Ray. "He means you screwed up," said Ray. "Robert Jeffrey is one of our top Ghost Spotters. He used our toll-free Ghost Alert number and warned us you were on your way."

"You believed a kid?" snarled Frank, trapped in a corner by Peter and Winston.

"Hey," said Peter, "when you believe in ghosts, you start to believe in a lot of people, too!" With that he blasted Frank, as Winston slid a Ghost Trap under the protesting ghost.

The three ghosts needed no other warning. Arnold the werewolf sliced the air again and a green glow appeared from nowhere. Wilbur and Vigor dived under another volley of Proton blasts and followed Arnold into the elsewhere. As they did, Vigor turned and snarled at Peter. "We'll be back, Ghostbusters! Don't think you've heard the last of us!"

"Hey, I'm counting on it," said Peter. "We needed the exercise!"

"Do you think they will be back, Peter?" said Winston, holding up the smoking Ghost Trap.

"I'm sure of it," Peter replied. "Let's just hope we're as ready for them next time as we were tonight!"

A few days later, Robert Jeffrey, Ghost Spotter, received an official letter of thanks for his work from all four Ghostbusters and a special blob of slime from Slimer.

BLOOD-BANK MANAGER

It's a well-known fact that the average vamp 'hangs out' in wooden boxes during daylight hours. Of course, thereafter, it's a case of 'fangs out!' However, this particular blood-sucking spectre was an exception – he had a day job! You see, this spook worked as a bank manager – a blood-bank manager!

Evil vampires who take this type of job are obviously made for after-life, and, indeed, this was the case until the greedy ghoul got carried away and drank the bank dry!

In an attempt to cover up for the dirty deed, he cunningly called on The Real Ghostbusters for 'help' and lied through his fangs, claiming that the bank had been drunk dry by an outsider.

The fangy phantom's secret was finally unearthed after soil was found trickling from the safety deposit box and further investigation proved that the vampire's coffin was hidden within. The blood curdler was no easy target, though, and promptly transformed into the terror that he was, transfixing The Ghostbusters with his hypnotic eyes.

Fortunately, Slimer decided to show up accompanied by a mouthful of garlic breath, which stunned the evil vamp sufficiently for the crew to seize their chance. The beams from the Proton Guns were formed into the shape of a cross and the rest, as they say, is history!



Hanna-Barbera



**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**

**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**



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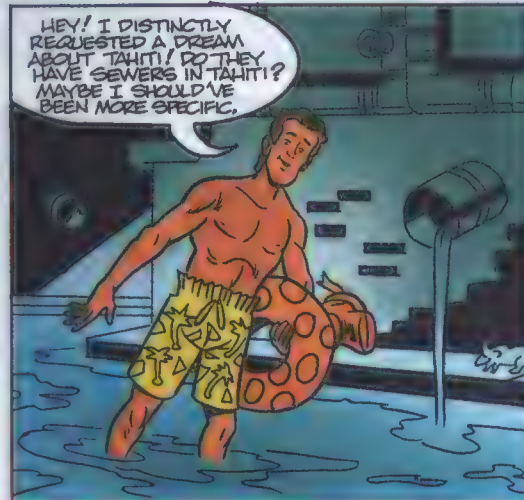
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: Ray Stantz has received an invitation to his High School Reunion, so reluctantly he has to leave The Real Ghostbusters short-handed to attend the gathering!

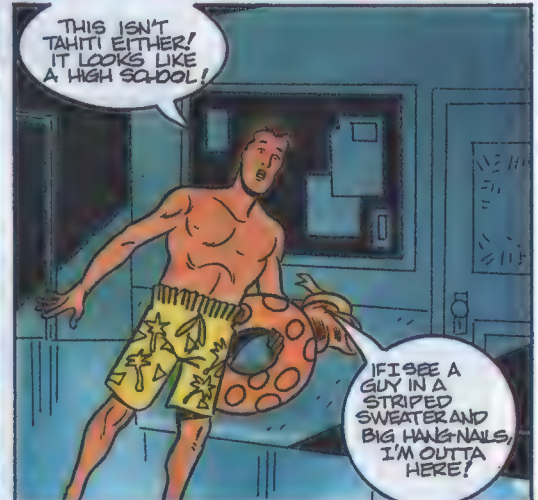
BACK AT THE FIREHOUSE, PETER IS COZYING UP FOR ONE OF HIS SPECIAL CATNAPS TO REST UP FOR THE INEVITABLE ADVENTURES AHEAD. HE PREPARES LIKE THIS A LOT.



HEY! I DISTINCTLY REQUESTED A DREAM ABOUT TAHITI! DO THEY HAVE SEWERS IN TAHITI? MAYBE I SHOULD'VE BEEN MORE SPECIFIC.

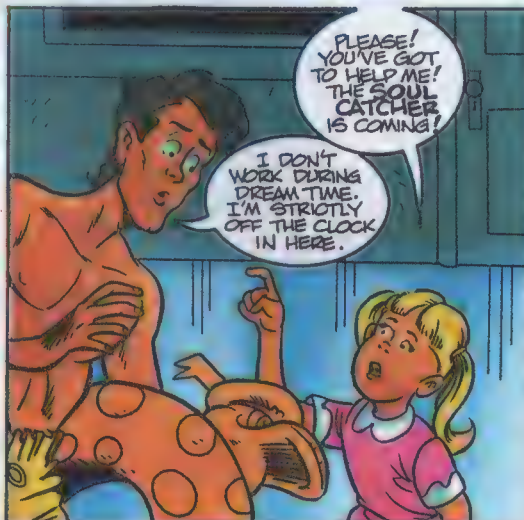


THIS ISN'T TAHITI EITHER! IT LOOKS LIKE A HIGH SCHOOL!

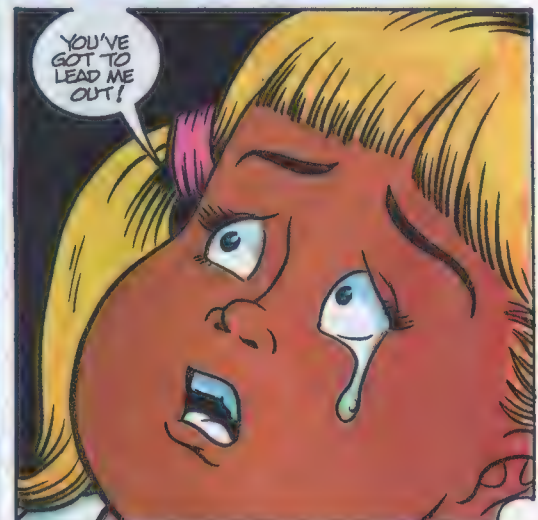


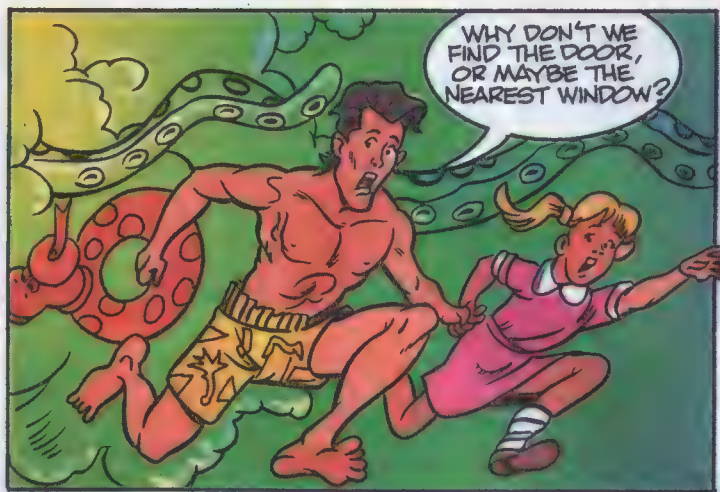
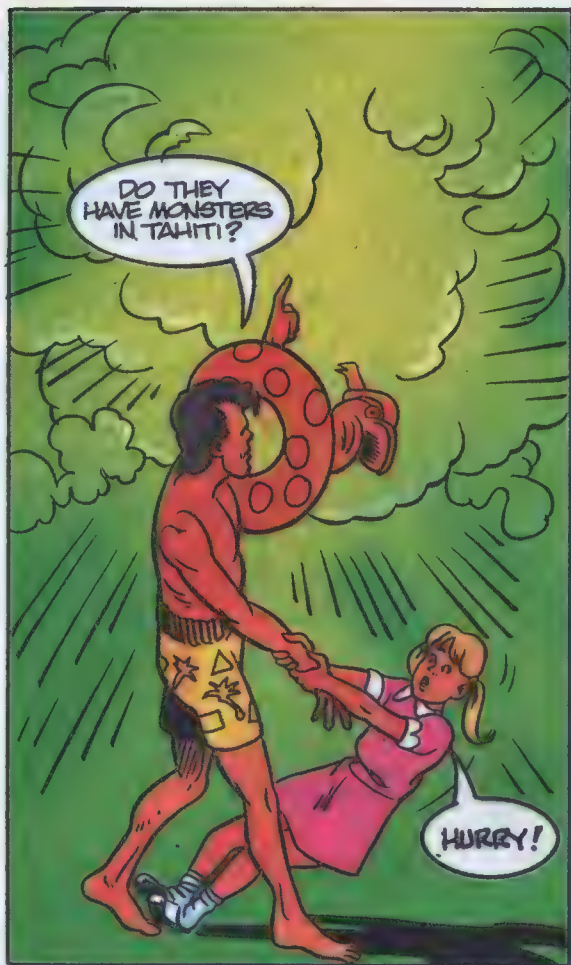
PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! THE SOUL CATCHER IS COMING!

I DON'T WORK DURING DREAM TIME. I'M STRICTLY OFF THE CLOCK IN HERE.

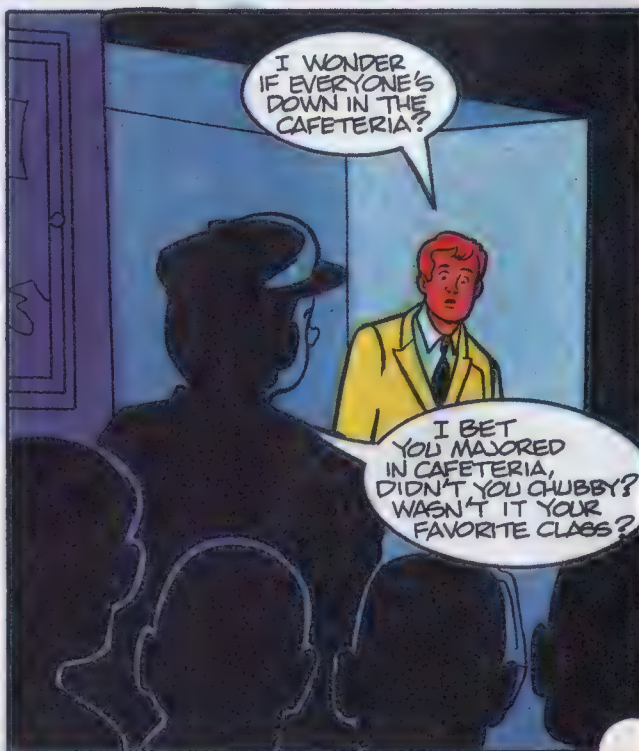
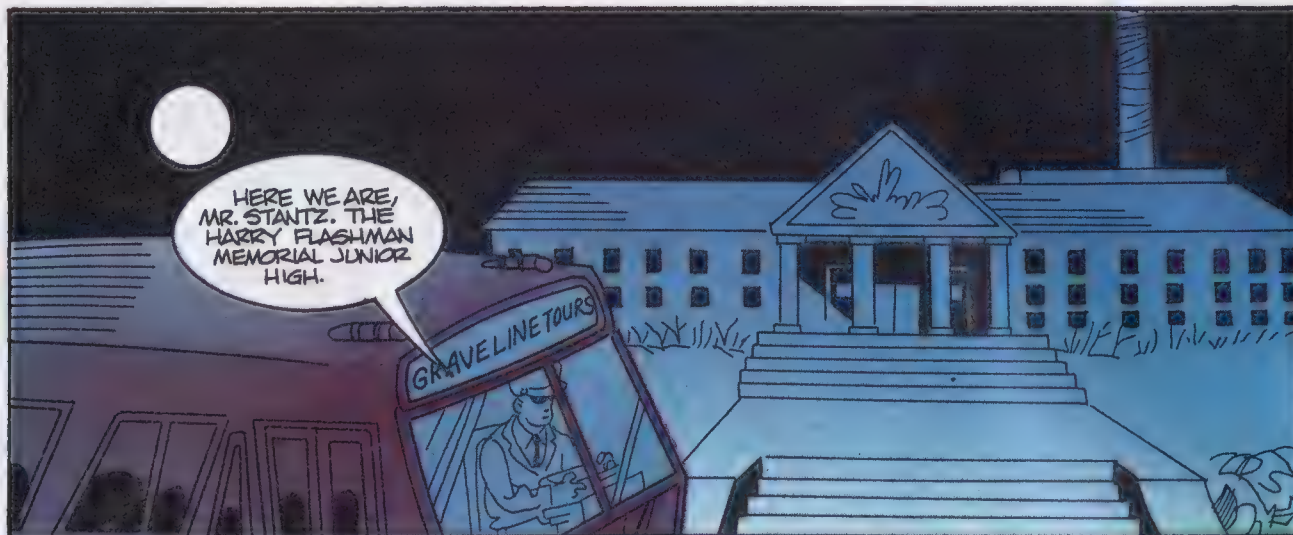


YOU'VE GOT TO LEAD ME OUT!











SUDDENLY, RAY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, FACING A TEACHER WHO IS BOTH VERY MUCH LIKE AND UNLIKE WHAT HE EXPERIENCED YEARS AGO.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



What is Dracula's favourite pudding?
Leeches and scream!
– Michael Kelly, Rotherham

Teacher: "Spell mouse, you boy."
Pupil: "M-O-U-S."
Teacher: "And what goes at the end?"
Pupil: "A tail, miss!"
– John & Jamie Pyman, Norfolk

Who is the strongest thief?
A shoplifter!
– Matthew Hague, Sheffield

What did one egg say to the other egg when they were late for school?
Let's get cracking!
– Tom Bangay, Lancashire

How does an elephant get down from a tree?
It stands on a leaf and waits for autumn!
– Keith, Bexhill-on-Sea

What famous play about monsters was written by William Shakespeare?
Romeo and Ghouliet!
– Michael Ratcliffe, Derbyshire



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....

DEAD TRUE!



he letters of Pliny the younger, who lived in Rome in the first century AD, have taught historians a great deal about life in Rome at the height of the empire. Although he is not thought to have been a particularly superstitious man, he had been greatly impressed by a ghost story he had heard, and was quite prepared to vouch for the truth of it.

The story goes as follows. There was apparently a large, grand house at Athens that was thought to be haunted. Ghastly noises were heard in the middle of the night; a clanking of chains which grew louder and louder until suddenly a hideous phantom appeared. It was the ghost of an old man — his beard was long and tangled, his white hair

unkempt. He moaned as he wearily dragged along his heavily shackled limbs. A few brave people had spent the night there and had been practically scared to death by the sight of the apparition, and many were cursed by bad luck and illness afterwards.

The house was put up for rent, but remained neglected until the philosopher Athenodorus came to the city and, despite being told the whole story, decided to make the house his home. On his first night in the house, he was working late as he usually did, when he became aware of the sound of clanking chains, and looked up to see the horrible spook in all its glory! However, far from being scared, the philosopher simply motioned that he was busy and carried on with his writing! The ghost

shook its chains angrily, and eventually Athenodorus quietly stood up and indicated to the spectre to lead the way. In the garden, the ghost made a sign at a certain spot in the shrubbery, and then disappeared.

The next day, Athenodorus told the local magistrates what he had seen. The spot in the garden where the ghost had vanished was investigated, and they decided to start digging up the soil. A few feet below the surface, a human skeleton was discovered. Rusty chains still hung around the bones. The remains were carefully removed and given a proper burial. The house was given various spiritual "cleansings", and from then on, there was never any more trouble at the old house.



GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yep, you guessed it . . . it's Paranormal Post-bag time. Have you any ectoplasmic enquiries? If so, then write in to the experts. No, I meant here, silly!

Dear Peter . . .

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Do you like getting gunged?
2. Do you like your logo design?
3. Will ECTO-3 be in the comic soon?
4. Do you get bored with Egon?

— James Toye, Glasgow.
PS. My mum fancies you!

1. No way! 2. Yep! 3. Sure will, but I can't say right off which particular issue it will be in though. 4. I get bored with what he talks about, and his collection of spores and fungi, but on the whole Egon is not at all bad!

I read **The Real Ghostbusters Comic** every week. I have got 109 of them, so could you answer these questions:

1. Why did Walter Peck shut down the Containment Unit?
2. Who played the part of Winston in **Ghostbusters II**?

— Peter Atkinson, Twickenham.

Looks like you're missing a few copies now that we are up to Issue 116. 1. Walter Peck, or Wally Wick as we like to call him, shut down the Containment Unit because he thought that we were frauds and tricksters, and that the Containment Unit was breaking various Environmental Protection Acts! A weird guy! 2. Ernie Hudson. Not as good looking as the real Winston I'm sure you'll agree.

I have some questions for you:

1. Does Janine really wear glasses?
2. Does Egon nearly always catch ghosts?
3. Is it true that Janine is really in love with Egon?
4. Does Slimer eat everything, or just meat?

— Sandy Mansfield, Kent.

1. Of course she really wears glasses. What do you think those things perched on the end of her nose are? 2. He certainly does, but don't forget that he has some pretty handsome help. Not that I can speak for Ray and Winston! 3. As strange as it is to believe, I think she does like him quite a lot. 4. You can take my word for it. Slimer eats EVERYTHING!

I have some questions for you:

1. How do the Slimeblowers work?
2. What Class of ghost are The Scoleri Brothers?
3. How do the traps work?

— Gary Byrne, Dublin.

Thanks for your questions, Gary. 1. Well, I guess they work just like vacuum cleaners, only in reverse! 2. Oooh, Class three Full-Torso Free Floating Repeaters! At a guess, any way! 3. Beats me!

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Do ghosts grow older, as they always look the same?
2. Where do you get your new clothes from?
3. Where do you sleep?

— Sophie Waterman, Stowmarket.

1. No, they stay the same age. Though I'm sure Egon will prove me wrong! 2. What new clothes? 3. In my bed!

In **Ghostbusters II**, the train goes through Winston because it is a ghost train. But when the ghost nanny comes and takes the baby Oscar off the ledge and puts him in the pram, why doesn't he fall through the bottom?

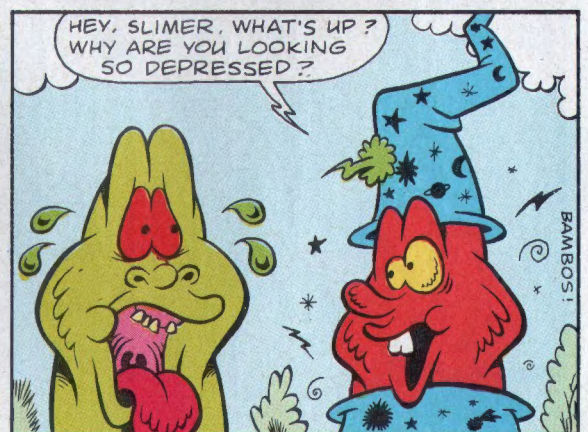
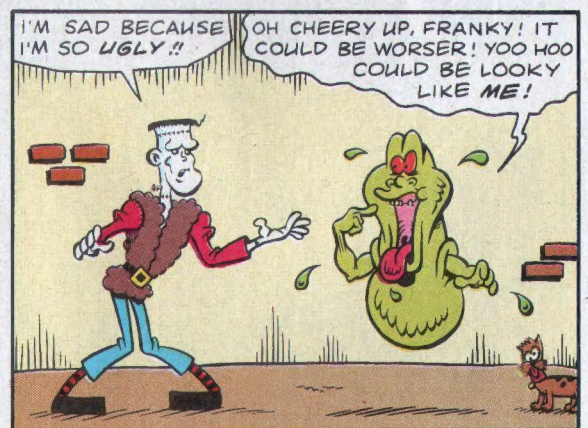
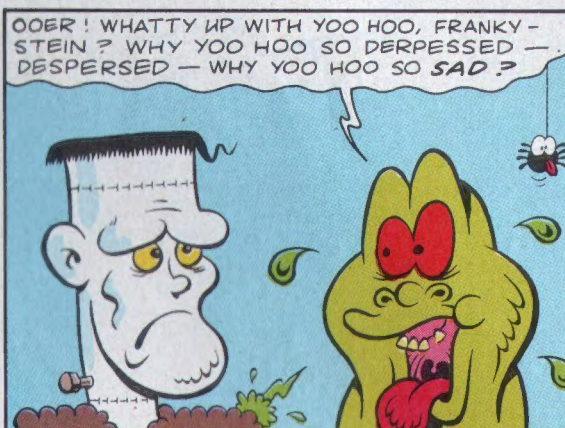
— Aaron Ashmore, Radford.

The trouble with ghostly things is that you can never trust them. One minute they will be as transparent as air, and the next they'll be as hard as nails. So, on the whole, I would say: Don't trust them!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SLEEPING ZIK-NESS!

IN JUST 7 DAYS



ADVERTISEMENT

YOUR FRIDGE HASN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! IT'S...

S'Ivel

FIENDISH Feet

THE HORRIBLY DELICIOUS TREAT

WON'T BE A MINUTE DEAR...

SENSIBLE MOTHER

TEE HEE!

...JUST PUTTING THESE IN THE FRIDGE FOR THE CHILDREN FOR LATER



FANGS A LOT



RATTLE 'N' ROLL



SPOOKY WOOKY



FRANK 'N' STEIN



SNORTILLA THE GRUNT



MELTING MELVIN



PHAROAH NUFF



TONGUE TWISTER

YOGURTS AND DESSERTS FROM



AND... OFF WE GO

INSIDE THE FRIDGE...

YAHOO! OKAY GANG, LETS HAVE SOME FIENDISH FUN!

HEE! HEE!

YEAH! LETS GO SCARE!

RIGHT YOU SILLY SAUSAGES, START JUMPING OUT OF YOUR SKINS, 'COS HERE COMES FANGS A LOT!

HEH! HEH!

SCARED SILLY

HA! HA!

AND SNORTILLA HAS GOT THESE TOMATOES TOTALLY TERRIFIED!

WHITE WITH FRIGHT

WATCH OUT YOU JIBBERING JELLY... YOU'RE NEXT!

QUINER! QUINER!

HEH! HEH! LUCKY THIS SALAD BOWL'S COVERED IN CLING FILM!

BOING! SPOING!

CLING FILM

LATER...

COME HERE CHILDREN, I'VE GOT A NICE SURPRISE FOR YOU.

O-OH, IF ONLY SHE KNEW

ACTING INNOCENT

TERRIFIED TOMATO

AND A FRIGHTFUL SURPRISE FOR MUM, HEE HEE!